

my Father! Had I not disobeyed him I might
— He could say no more; he trembling
screamed out, sunk, and was drowned.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that
thy Days may be long upon the Land which the
Lord thy God giveth thee. *Exod. xx. 12.*

A wise Son maketh a glad Father; but a
foolish Son despiseth his Mother. *Prov. v. 20.*

He that wasteth his Father, and chafeth away
his Mother, is a Son that causeth Shame, and
bringeth Reproach. *Prov. xix. 26.*

Hearken unto thy Father that begat thee,
and despise not thy Mother when she is old.
Prov. xxiii. 22.

The Eye that mocketh at his Father, and
despiseth to obey his Mother, the Ravens of
the Valley shall pick it out, and the young
Eagles shall eat it.



STORY VIII.

STORY VIII. The lost CHIL

A Very pretty Boy was one Day sitting
a Door; he was genteely dress'd
a lac'd Hat on, and Silver Buckles
Shoes. And as he was just put in Bed
he sat there to shew himself, and to hear
the Neighbours would say to him on his
Finery. While he was sitting, thinking
harm, a Woman came to him, and
admiring his Dress, shew'd him, a Cake,
she promised to give him, if he would go
her to see what pretty Things she had
Home for him. Pleased at the Sight
Cake, and delighted with the Hopes
fine Things she promised him, he was
with her: But just as he was giving
Hand, he remember'd his Mamma had
him, that he must never go with Strangers.
This made him draw it back; but in
telling him she would give him a little
Horse to ride on, he ventur'd. She led
thro' several Streets till he grew weary,
it was dark, he then began to be frighten'd,
often ask'd if she was not almost at Home.
she told him, yes, and carried him to her
Arms: At last they got into the Fields,